

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1845.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Concluded from page 133.

PRESIDENT EDWARDS' physical constitution was by no means remarkably vigorous; and considering his uncommonly sedentary habits, it is truly wonderful that he should accomplish such an amount of labor as the history of his life, especially his history as an author, exhibits. In his person he was tall and slender, had an eye and a countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity, and a voice which, though of no great compass, was sufficiently distinct and agreeable. In his ordinary intercourse with society, he was modest and retiring, and said but little unless there seemed to be some door open for profitable discourse. In ordinary matters he is said frequently to have evinced great absence of mind; owing, no doubt, to the all-absorbing interest with which his life was pre-eminently given. He considered himself as having little talent for pastoral intercourse, and therefore he rarely visited his people except in cases of sickness, affliction, or religious anxiety; and though his example in this respect is not one that should be generally recommended, yet it is certain that if he had pursued a different course, he would have lived much less for the benefit of the world, and especially of posterity, than he actually did.

His habits of study were such that the wonder is that any human constitution could endure them. His rule was to occupy thirteen hours a day in intense intellectual labor; and from a habit, early formed, he accustomed himself to study for the most part with his pen in

his hand. It must be obvious to all who are acquainted with his writings, independently of all other testimony, that one of the most remarkable of his intellectual habits was that of patient and long-continued investigation—holding a difficult subject to his mind with an unyielding grasp, till he was able to penetrate all its intricacies, and contemplate it in the light of absolute demonstration.

It may safely be said that few men have ever attained to such a vigorous growth in the spiritual life, as President Edwards. His religious experience, from its very commencement, was characterized by deep humility, by uncommon jealousy of his own heart, and by the most comprehensive and practical views of the doctrines of grace; and as he advanced in the spiritual life, these peculiar characteristics become more and more strongly marked, giving complexion at once to all his inward exercises and all his outward acts. The views which he sometimes had of his own unworthiness, and of the excellency and glory of the plan of salvation, as they are recorded by himself, are so far beyond anything that falls within the experience of ordinary Christians, that they are no doubt often contemplated with surprise, and sometimes, perhaps, may even be thought to savor of enthusiasm; but it admits of no question that they were not only the genuine workings of faith, but that they marked a maturity and elevation of Christian character that cast the highest attainments even of the better part of Christians in the shade.

As a preacher, President Edwards, when judged by one standard, would not be regarded eloquent; but when judged by another and a truer one, would be ranked among the most eloquent preachers that ever lived. He was as far as possible from anything like the glitter of oratory. He read close, rarely lifting his eye from his manuscript; and scarcely ever moved his head or his hand. His sermons were exceedingly remote from a graceful or polished style, and were not unfrequently encumbered with clumsy and even repetitious phrases. But they were full of such weighty sentiments, expressed in a manner entirely level to the humblest comprehension, and they were delivered with so much seriousness, and earnestness, and unction, growing out of a deep sense of the powers of the world to come, that it required no small degree of hardihood habitually to sit under them, and remain unimpressed. His celebrated sermon entitled, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," when delivered in Enfield, Conn., is said so to have moved and overwhelmed the congregation, that a large portion of them were almost, unconsciously to themselves, brought upon their feet.

In his devotional exercises, President Edwards was not less impressive and felicitous than in his preaching. While he evidently realized the purity and the majesty of the Being in whose presence he was standing, he had the power, in an eminent degree, of imparting the same solemn impression to those whose devotions he was attempting to lead. We remember to have heard an anecdote of him from the late Dr. Lathrop of West Springfield, which illustrates at once his wonderful gift in prayer, and the strength of his natural affections. Dr. Lathrop, who had at that time just succeeded the Rev. Mr. Hopkins in the ministry at West Springfield, was a boarder in the family of Mr. H.'s widow, who was the sister of President Edwards. On one occasion, her brother came to pay her a visit; and it happened to be on the evening of the day on which he had heard of the death of one of his family—if we mistake not, it was Mrs. Burr, of Newark. Dr. L. said that when the time of evening prayer came, he asked Mr. Edwards to conduct the service; but he declined, on the ground that his sensibilities were so much excited that he should not be able to utter himself; Dr. L. therefore officiated himself; but in the morning Mr. E. led in the family devotions, and in a manner which, to use Dr.

L.'s own language, seemed to bring heaven and earth together. He considered it, on the whole, the most remarkable prayer to which he ever listened, in the course of his life.

But it is as a writer that President Edwards' character is destined to the most certain and most glorious perpetuity. While, as we have already intimated, he was careless—perhaps too careless—of the graces of style, his thoughts were so strong, and weighty, and original, that no one can read what he has written, let the subject be what it may, without feeling that he is in communion with a gigantic intellect. His controversial writings, though they are remarkable for dignity and fairness towards his opponents, are characterized by such accurate discrimination between truth and error, and such irresistible and overpowering demonstration, that his adversary often seems to be completely annihilated. We remember to have heard Dr. Chalmers say, that he often felt an irresistible propensity to laugh in reading Edwards' book on original sin, for he had not only completely prostrated his antagonist, but had contrived actually to grind him to powder. The work which has probably done more than any other to elevate his character as a metaphysician and philosopher, is his treatise on the Will. The publication of it marked an era in what may be called the philosophy of theology; and though it has been the subject of numerous and varied attacks, in which much intellectual acumen and sophistry have been exhibited, yet it stands, and we doubt not *will* stand as long as the world, an impregnable fortress of truth, and a stupendous monument of intellectual power.

It is a remarkable feature in Edwards' works, that the province of the philosophical, and the province of the theological and practical, are not suffered unduly to run into each other. If we read his sermons or his profess-
edly practical treatises, we find everything as plain as if it had been written by one who had never dealt but with the most ordinary minds; and we greatly doubt whether, with all his metaphysical acumen, he ever preached what might legitimately be called a metaphysical sermon. But then, when we open his profess-
edly philosophical treatises, we find him per-
fectly at home in regions into which most other minds have scarcely shot a thought; dis-
entangling truth from the perversions of
sophistry by a process the most simple and in-
telligible; pouring a flood of light and order

where darkness and chaos had reigned before. Indeed perspicuity may be regarded as the leading characteristic of his philosophical as well as of his practical works; for though there may be some things in his more abstract treatises, which it may require no small degree of reflection and study to comprehend, yet the obscurity arises from the intrinsic difficulty of the subject, and not from the manner in which it is treated. The treatise on the Will may as well not be read at all, as read in a superficial manner; but he who will take the trouble of holding his mind to it in a course of earnest and concentrated thought, will not only be sure to arrive at the author's meaning, but will find the meaning as intelligible as human language can render it.

It would be easy to fill a volume with testimonies, from the greatest and best men who have lived since Edwards' day, to his intellectual and moral greatness, and to the value of the service which he has rendered to the world. The celebrated Dr. Erskine, of Edinburgh, Dr. Chalmers, Robert Hall, Sir Henry Moncrolff, Dugald Stewart, Doctor Middleton, and a host more of the greatest lights of the age, have recorded their estimates of his character in terms of the most unqualified admiration. Even Dr. Priestley, who had scarcely anything in common with Edwards in his religious views, but who was remarkable alike for his intelligence and his candor, has left a testimony in favor of his greatness, that is scarcely exceeded by any other. Indeed, he was one of the few whose character and whose productions become emphatically the property of the world. His name is familiarly spoken in every civilized country; and it is destined to be spoken with undiminished reverence and gratitude to the end of time.

President Edwards was the father of eleven children; and, with the exception of two daughters, one of whom died at the age of fourteen, the other of seventeen, all lived to reach their maturity, and to become the heads of families. Most of them inherited a good degree of their father's intellectual superiority, and several of them have occupied important public stations. The only one of his children who has been specially known and honored in the theological world, is the younger President Edwards, who, in respect both to talents and attainments, was no unworthy son of his illustrious father. It is scarcely necessary to add, that in the next generation we find the name of Dwight—a name which, like that of

Edwards, learning and religion will ever delight to hallow.

The following letter of President Edwards, addressed to a young lady in Suffield, Conn., will be found of great interest, especially to persons in the spiritual condition which the letter contemplates.

Northampton, June 3, 1741.

DEAR CHILD:

As you desired me to send you in writing some directions how to behave yourself in your Christian course, I would now answer your request. The remembrance of the great things I have lately seen at Suffield, and the dear affection for those persons I have there conversed with, that give good evidences of a saving work of God upon their hearts, inclines me to do anything that lies in my power to contribute to the spiritual joy and prosperity of God's people there: and what I write to you, I would also say to other young women there, that are your friends and companions, and the children of God; and therefore desire you would communicate it to them as you have opportunity.

1. I would advise you to keep up as great a strife and earnestness in religion in all parts of it, as you would do if you knew yourself to be in a state of nature, and was seeking conversion. We advise persons under convictions to be earnest and violent for the kingdom of heaven; but when they have attained to conversion they ought not to be less watchful, laborious and earnest in the whole work of religion, but the more; for they are under infinitely greater obligations. For want of this, many persons in a few months after their conversion, have begun to lose the sweet and lively sense of things, and to grow cold, and flat, and dark, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows; whereas, if they had done as the apostle did, Phil. iii. 12, 13, 14, their path would have been as the shining light, that shines more and more unto the perfect day.

2. Don't leave off seeking, striving, and praying for the same things that we exhort unconverted persons to strive for; a degree of which you have had in conversion. Thus pray that your eyes may be opened, that you may receive your sight, that you may know yourself, and be brought to God's feet, that you may see the glory of God in Christ and may be raised from the dead; and have the love of Christ shed abroad in your hearts, for those that have most of these things had need still to pray for them, for there is so much blindness, and hardness, and death remaining, that they still need to have that work of God wrought upon them, further to enlighten and enliven them; that shall be a bringing out of darkness into God's marvellous light, and a kind of new conversion and resurrection from

the dead. There are very few requests that are proper for a natural person, but that in some sense are proper for the godly.

3. When you hear sermons, hear them for yourself; though what is spoken in them may be more especially directed to the unconverted, or to those that in other respects are in different circumstances from yourself, yet let the chief intent of your mind be to consider with yourself in what respects is this that I hear spoken applicable to me, and what improvement ought I to make of this, for my own soul's good.

4. Though God has forgiven and forgotten your past sins, yet don't forget them yourself. Often remember what a wretched bond-slave you was in the land of Egypt; often bring to mind your particular acts of sin before conversion, as the blessed Apostle Paul is often mentioning his old blaspheming, and persecuting, and injuriousness, to the renewed humbling of his heart, and acknowledging that he was the least of the apostles, and not worthy to be called an apostle, and the least of all saints, and the chief of all sinners: and be often in confessing your old sins to God, and let that test be often in your mind, Ezek. xvi. 63: That thou mayest remember and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God.

5. Remember that you have more cause on some accounts a thousand times to lament and humble yourself for sins that have been since conversion than before, because of the infinitely greater obligations that are upon you to live to God. And look upon the faithfulness of Christ in unchangeably continuing his loving favor, and the unspeakable and saving fruits of his everlasting love, notwithstanding all your great unworthiness since your conversion, to be as wonderful as his grace in converting you.

6. Be always greatly abased for your remaining sin, and never think that you lie low enough for it, but yet, don't be at all discouraged or disheartened by it. For though we are exceeding sinful, yet we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; the preciousness of whose blood, and the merit of whose righteousness, and the greatness of whose love and faithfulness does infinitely overtop the highest mountain of our sins.

7. When you engage in the duty of prayer, or come to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or attend any other duty of Divine worship, come to Christ as Mary Magdalen did, Luke vii. 37, 38; come and cast yourself down at his feet and kiss them, and pour forth upon him the perfumed ointment of Divine love out of a pure and broken heart; as she poured out her precious ointment, out of her pure and broken alabaster box.

8. Remember that pride is the worst viper that

is in the heart, the greatest disturber of the soul's peace and sweet communion with Christ, was the first sin that ever was, and lies lowest in the foundation of Satan's whole building, and is most difficultly rooted out, and is the most hidden, secret, and deceitful of all lusts, and often creeps insensibly into the midst of religion, and sometimes under the guise of humility.

9. That you may pass a good judgment of the frames that you are in, always look upon those the best discourses and the best comforts, that have most of these two effects: viz., those that make you least, lowest, and most like a little child; and secondly, those that do most engage and fix your heart in a full and firm disposition to deny yourself for God, and to spend and be spent for him.

10. If at any time you fall into any doubt about the state of your soul, under darkness and dull frames of mind, 'tis proper to look over past experiences, but yet, don't consume too much of your time and strength in poring and puzzling thoughts about old experiences, that in dull frames appear dim, and are very much out of sight, at least, as to that which is the cream, and life, and sweetness of them. But rather, apply yourself with all your might to an earnest pursuit after renewed experiences, new light, and new lively acts of faith and love. One new discovery of the glory of Christ's face, and the fountain of his sweet grace and love, will do more towards scattering clouds of darkness and doubting in one minute, than examining old experiences by the best mark that can be given, a whole year.

11. When the exercise of grace is at a low ebb, and corruption prevails, and by that means fear prevails, don't desire to have fear cast out any other way, than by the reviving and prevailing of love, for 'tis not agreeable to the method of God's wise dispensations that it should be cast out any other way; for when love is asleep, the saints need fear to restrain them from sin, and therefore it is so ordered that at such times fear comes upon them, and that, more or less, as love sinks. But when love is in lively exercise, persons don't need fear, and the prevailing of love in the heart naturally tends to cast out fear, as darkness in a room vanishes away as you let more and more of the pleasant beams of the sun into it—1 John, iv. 18.

12. You ought to be much in exhorting, and counselling, and warning others, especially at such a day as this—Heb. x. 25; and I would advise you especially to be much in exhorting children and young women, your equals; and when you exhort others that are men, I would advise you that you take opportunities for it, chiefly when you are alone with them, or when only young persons are present. See 1 Tim. ii. 9, 11, 12.

13. When you counsel and warn others, do it

earnestly, affectionately, and thoroughly; and when you are speaking to your equals, let your warnings be intermixed with expressions of your sense of your own unworthiness, and of the sovereign grace that makes you differ, and if you can, with a good conscience say, how that you in yourself are more unworthy than they.

14. If you would set up religious meetings of young women by yourselves, to be attended once in a while, besides the other meetings that you attend, I should think it would be very proper and profitable.

Under special difficulties, or when in great need of, or great longings after any particular mercies for yourself or others, set apart a day of secret fasting and prayer alone, and let the day be spent not only in petitions for the mercies desired, but in searching your heart, and looking over your past life, and confessing your sins before God, not as is wont to be done in public prayer, but by a very particular rehearsal before God of the sins of your past life, from your childhood hitherto, before and after conversion; with particular circumstances and aggravations also, very particularly and fully as possible, spreading all the abominations of your heart before him.

16. Don't let the adversaries of religion have it to say that these converts don't carry themselves any better than others. See Matt. v. 47. What do ye more than others? How holily should the children of God, and the redeemed

and the beloved of the Son of God behave themselves; therefore walk as a child of the light and of the day, and adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour: and particularly be much in these things that especially be called Christian virtues, and make you like the saints of God: be meek and lowly of heart, and full of a pure, heavenly, and humble love to all, and abound in deeds of love to others, and self-denial for others; and let there be in you a disposition to account others better than yourself.

17. Don't talk of things of religion and matters of experience with an air of lightness and laughter, which is too much the manner in many places.

18. In all your course, walk with God and follow Christ, as a little helpless child, taking hold of Christ's hand, keeping your eye on the mark of the wound in his hands and side, whence came the blood that cleanses you from sin; and hiding your nakedness under the skirt of the white shining robe of his righteousness.

19. Pray much for the church of God, and especially that he would carry on his glorious work that he has now begun; and be much in prayer for the ministers of Christ, and particularly I would beg a special interest in your prayers and the prayers of your Christian companions, both when you are alone and when you are together, for your affectionate friend that rejoices over you, and desires to be your servant in Jesus Christ. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

TO MY SISTER IN HEAVEN.

Thy rest is won, sweet sister—praise for this!—HEMANS.

I KNEW too well that thine would be
An early home on high;
This was too rude a clime for thee,
Sweet blossom of the sky!
And when the rose-tint to thy cheek
Came oftener and more bright,
And thy blue eye, so fondly meek,
Kindled with fever-light—

I knew that this was death! but yet,
He came in robes so fair,
And left us when thy sun had set,
Such twilight glory there,
That when they laid thee down to sleep,
With violets on thy breast,
Methought it were a sin to weep,
So lovely was thy rest.

And now, though all the flowers are here,
 While thou art cold and dead,
 I would not shed one bitter tear
 Above thy lowly bed.
 O no ! thy home is all too fair,
 And mine too rife with pain ;
 'Twere better far to join thee there
 Than greet thee here again.

SIGMA.

SAUL, A MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIAN BALLADS," "ATHENASION," ETC., ETC. APPLETONS, N. Y.;
 H. S. PARSONS, HARTFORD.

AMERICAN poetry is beginning to excite attention both at home and abroad. The productions of native authors are now read on both sides of the Atlantic, and admired and appreciated, to some extent at least, in both hemispheres. The time has come when the literature of America is gradually assuming its true position; there is less and less, every day, of that extravagant deference which so long has been paid to the critics and writers of the old world; and the public mind is by degrees, though rapidly, as we think, escaping from the ignoble thrall and intellectual bondage in which it has for years been held. Americans have at last begun to think for themselves, and, as a consequence, to express their thoughts in the language of freedom and truth; they are "accustomed to swear to the words of no master," and are probably less biased by antiquated notions than their brethren in other lands. In natural and moral science, in theology, in history, in general literature, they are becoming distinguished; their labors are valued for soundness and clearness, as well as for depth and accuracy, and they are more or less appealed to as authority on contested points. It is by no means unreasonable to hope that ere long American scholarship and ability will be ranked as highly as they deserve, and that our authors will reap some substantial benefit from their productions.

Nor is it only in science and the belles-lettres that our countrymen have acquired reputation; far from it; our poets have a name, and some of them an enduring name; their works are known and appreciated, both among ourselves and kindred spirits in other climes. Bryant, Longfellow, Dana, Sprague, Sands,

Willis, Sigourney, and many others, who has not heard of them? Who knows not that they have compelled respect and admiration for our national literature, and a reluctant assent to our claims to the possession of poets and poetry of our own? Let the Sidney Smiths sneeringly exclaim, "Who reads an American book?" let them affect to despise the young and vigorous literature of this great nation; let them abuse and vilify our institutions and our country as they will; it matters not. True poetry will ever strike a responsive chord in the bosoms of men—its force cannot be resisted—it is the language of the soul—it is the "winged-words" of blind Maenides—it is so intimately blended with the deep feelings and mighty passions of our nature that few can withstand its influence—it will make its way to the hearts of men, and Englishmen will, as they have done before, acknowledge the reality and truthfulness of the strains sung by American bards. Yes, the day has arrived when our poets may claim fellowship with their elder brethren, and demand that they too be enrolled among the choice spirits who gladden the hearts, and sway for good or ill the minds of multitudes; the day has arrived when the wonderful capabilities of our country for poetic inspiration are somewhat appreciated; when the exceedingly grand and noble objects of nature, the mountains, and rivers, and cataracts, and inland seas, and interminable forests; the spirit-stirring history of our wrongs, and the hard and manly struggles for freedom; the wild and marvellous legends of the red men, and the impenetrable mystery which shrouds a race who have perished utterly, and hardly "left a

wreck behind,"—when all things are working together to rouse up the dormant energies of our countrymen, and make them realize the great and noble themes which their own land presents.

We confess that this is a prospect upon which we love to dwell; for we are so well convinced that America is destined to be the field of great deeds and noble achievements, that the future seems instinct with life and certainty; we are so well assured that the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent will one day be its masters, that we feel an intense interest in all that relates to the work yet to be accomplished. Even at the risk of being counted a dreamer, we venture to proclaim these things, and to assert that this land will at some period rejoice in her own Shakespeares, Miltos, Byrons, Cowpers, Scotts, and Southeys. Even at the risk of being counted vain-glorious, and an enthusiastic boaster, we utter these sentiments, and we call upon Americans to foster native talent, to cherish and aid native poets: we call upon them to remember and exercise the dearly-bought independence of which they boast; to watch for themselves the developments to which every day gives birth; to note how much there is of the beautiful and true on every side; and to see how many among us are laying claim to the sacred name of poet. We invite them to turn their minds and attention to this subject, for it is replete with interest and profit; we invite them to examine carefully the productions of their fellow-citizens, for they may exercise incalculable influence for good or ill, and may help forward or retard the onward progress of truth and right. We urge it as a pleasure and a duty to look well to these matters. Pretension is as much the order of the day in America as in Europe. There is among us as much trash and heavy prose, which goes by the name of poetry, as in any country in the world; and we doubt not that we can show a large number of poetasters and makers of rhymes, who are mightily puffed up with the ephemeral reputation which they enjoy. With such it becomes a duty to deal plainly and decidedly; with others, however, it is a pleasure to hold intercourse; it is a delightful thing to cherish true genius and foster the outpourings of inspiration; and we know of no higher intellectual gratification than is afforded in watching the dawnings of native talent, and in encouraging the aspirations of ardent and truthful spirits after immortality.

It is not our purpose, however, to enter at large upon so fruitful a topic; we content ourselves with having suggested some points of interest, in the hope of recurring to the subject on another occasion; and we beg, in furtherance of the wish to promote native talent, to call the attention of our readers to the production which forms the caption of the present article.

"*Saul, A Mystery,*" is the latest work of ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX, a young clergyman who has certainly written much, if not always well. We believe that this is his first effort in the dramatic line—heretofore he has published only ballads, a *romauant*, miscellaneous poems, &c., which, so far as we know, have been well received. Now he has essayed his powers in another direction, and the result is the drama of *Saul*, in five Acts. In the prefatory epistle, Mr. Cox gives us his view of the dramatic capabilities presented by the character and the history of the first king of Israel, whom he rather profanely styles "magnificent as Prometheus, yet wretched as Oedipus, and wicked as Macbeth." "The finest dramatic hero of Holy Scripture," he further remarks, "seemed to me to have been singularly overlooked; and the endeavor to inspire others with the deep and awful interest which always moved my spirit at the name of Palestine, or the mention of Saul and David, appeared to be a work on which I might ask and expect the blessing of the God of my youth." Our author has bestowed especial care and study on this production; it is not something thrown off on the spur of the moment, and on that ground claiming indulgence; far from it; it has been the work of years, he himself assuring us, that in 1842, "half the Horatian period of seasoning had passed over his poem between its first sketch and the present date." It has had, too, the benefit of careful revision; it has profited by the author's increasing knowledge of sacred things, as well as by the kind suggestions of the favored few who were permitted to read it in manuscript; and though he modestly assures us that he does not pretend that it is "finished," yet he presents it to us as "completed." He has evidently written *con amore*; he is deeply imbued with the spirit of reverence for Holy Writ, and with an unwillingness to depart in anywise from its declarations; he has striven, under the guise of speeches suitable to the religion and politics of *Saul's* days, to express his sentiments on matters and things in general, and on the ex-

citing topics of the present day in particular. It is but fair, therefore, to regard this as the author's *chef d'œuvre*, as being the best which he could make, and as fully meeting his conceptions of what the subject demands and is capable. We beg our readers to bear these things in mind in forming a judgment on "Saul."

The drama opens in the wilderness, near Gibeath of Saul, where Jonathan and David meet, and the latter is warned to escape from the vengeance of the king, who had determined to slay him. After this, Saul most bitterly and unjustly reproaches his son and the heir to the throne for his affection for David, the harper, as he contemptuously styles him. Doeg, the chief speaker in the groundling style, that detestable Edomite, who fans the flame of Saul's jealousy and malevolence, next urges the king to the massacre of the priest, of Ahimelech and four-score and five priests, together with all that were in the city of Nob. This may be regarded as the theme of the first Act. In the second Act a new character is introduced, Evil Merodach, who plays a most important part in working out the ends of the drama. He is in fact the master-spirit of evil, and would seem to be the "evil spirit from the Lord which troubled," vexed, and harassed, and urged on to destruction the guilty and unhappy king. In the course of this and the two following Acts, Abner, the type of the loyal, high-minded, and devoted soldier, Abigail and Ahinoam, the chief female characters, who became the wives of David, and David himself, the mighty warrior, the fast friend and the unwavering patriot, together with Jonathan, the lovely and devoted Jonathan, are introduced and enact the parts assigned to them, generally with close reference to the account given in Holy Scripture. The incidents are many and varied; Saul is almost continually at war with the Philistines; when not thus engaged, he is hunting David on the mountains or in the forests—now he has him secured beyond the possibility of escape, as he thinks; again, David is in his power so certainly that he can give full vent to his long husbanded wrath; but he finds a sad reverse—twice his life is in David's hand, and one blow would have for ever put to rest the unnatural enmity of the monarch. But not thus did he dare to do; not thus would he make a way for himself to the throne. Other incidents are of minor importance. The churlish fool, Nabal, refuses aid to David and his men,

and is saved from destruction by the timely intercession of Abigail; and Merodach is supposed to meet Ahinoam in the wilderness and vex her with his pretences to love. The fifth Act opens on the heights of Gilboa, where Merodach entices Saul to consult the witch of Endor. In a violent storm at midnight, Abner awakes and finds Merodach dead, and a bat flying about the cave. Saul, in his mad impiety and folly, visits the witch, and sees the venerable prophet Samuel called out of the grave to warn him of death and judgment. Mr. C. does not attempt—wisely, we think—to express what Samuel said to the guilty king on this fearful occasion. Saul and Jonathan are slain in the battle; and the last scene, telling of the righteous retribution visited on Doeg for his lying about Saul's death, closes with David's lament over the lost and ruined monarch, and Jonathan, his beloved friend and brother, cut off in the prime of his days, and in the midst of an honorable career of usefulness.

It will be manifest from this brief outline, that the drama covers a large space, and affords its author ample room to develope his genius. There is abundant evidence of his efforts to bring out the conception which he has formed of Saul. He has clearly studied the matter, and the Scriptural history seems to be perfectly familiar to him. From the nature of the case, a wide range is open to him—the customs and habits of those days, the scenery of that deeply interesting land which is so full of everything that can engage the affections or stir up the deep feelings of the soul, the marked change in the relations of the people under a theocracy and a monarchy, the personal character of Saul, the anointed designation of David to the kingdom, the affecting instance of souls knit together with a love stronger than that of women, the constant skirmishes and battles with foreign and domestic foes, the clemency and loyalty of David under circumstances of strong temptation to rid the world of a tyrannical persecutor, the interesting and effectual interference of a wife for her unmannly and ungenerous husband—all these, and similar things, which we dare say Mr. Cox feels and appreciates, afford matter and ground enough for a drama of intense power and interest.

We have no doubt whatever, that Mr. C. has given much thought and study to the character and history of Saul and his times; but we are constrained to say that he

has marred and disfigured his drama by indulging in a poetic license, which by its boldness and novelty astonished, nay, almost shocked us. He has fallen into an error which is the more remarkable when we consider that he is a theologian by profession, and must have been aware how groundless is every pretence for the course which he has pursued. Now, what we complain of is this: Evil Merodach, whose agency in Saul's downfall is so conspicuous, is nothing less than a devil of the blackest dye, embodied specially for the work which he finally accomplished. He is Satanic enough, it must be confessed; he lies and deceives with all the adroitness and effrontery of the old serpent and father of lies himself, and in hypocrisy and sanctimoniousness, he is unsurpassed by any Maw-worms of the present age. Most certainly we can see no serious objection against the employment of demoniacal agency in "Saul;" and we agree entirely with Mr. C. in believing that the instances recorded in the Holy Scripture of evil spirits being permitted to take possession of men and torment them, are literally and exactly true. So far we should not disagree; but we have yet to learn that a demon has ever been suffered to enter into and reanimate a dead body for the accomplishment of its hellish purposes; a body too which has been the earthly tabernacle of a just and righteous spirit. Mr. C., having set before us the murder of Ahimelech by command of Saul, presently after brings in again his dead body, with Evil Merodach as its tenant. Is not this a poetic license with a vengeance? Where is there any support in Scripture for so unwarrantable a liberty—nay, for such painful trifling with the feelings which every man entertains respecting the mortal remains of the good who have departed hence in the Lord? The case of the patriarch Job, and others, to whom Mr. C. refers, is so manifestly irrelevant that we wonder how he or they can be supposed to give countenance to the author's notions on this point. Job was tormented by Satan, undoubtedly; but Mr. C. will hardly say that Job's body, after his death, was left in possession of the devil. Surely he is too good a logician to argue from demoniacal possession of living bodies to the reanimation of dead bodies, and occupancy of them as long as the evil spirit chooses. For the one we have certain authority; the other is not only destitute of authority, but we think directly in opposition to all that we know on the sub-

ject from Scripture and reason. This unfortunate conceit, which certainly was needless for Mr. C.'s designs, has, moreover, led him into a miserable, puerile description of the demon's evacuating the much abused corpse of the murdered priest, and entering into a bat, which flies about crying *au, au*, to the great terror of brave Abner and Amasa, and the no small discomposure of King Saul! We are really vexed that Mr. C. should have committed so egregious an error and offence.

We have given our author credit for diligent attention to the Scriptural history of the period of the first king of Judea; we regret that we cannot yield our assent to his conception of the character and position of the unhappy monarch, as doing justice to the greatness of the theme. Saul appears to us tame in the hands of Mr. C. He is not the king whom we conceive Saul to have been. He talks too much in the style of the descendants of Hugh Capet, or William the Norman, for one who only a few years before was a private citizen. He descants on nobility, and exhibits all the paltry pride and parade of kings and queens by birth and education. Can we suppose that Saul forgot his previously humble position? or if so, which might have been, can we think that the people who suffered from the encroachments of the sovereign would forget that this sovereign was no more than one of themselves? It is very improbable, to say the least. Saul was unquestionably a man of intellectual as well as physical power, though his fine appearance was what struck the people when choice had to be made of a king. He was a successful general and no mean statesman; and we can well understand how keen must have been his remorse for his crime in the matter of the Amalekites, and for the unrighteous slaughter of the priests; how fierce his hate against David, who was, by Divine arrangement, to succeed him; how sad and mournful his unavailing regrets for the past, and his hopelessness for the future; and how fearfully agonizing the torments and terrors of a guilty conscience. We can well imagine with what power the great master of the drama would have treated this grand theme, and have made Saul a monument to all ages of a great and guilty king, a criminal and justly punished monarch.

But not only has our author inadequately conceived and represented Saul; he appears to us far to have underrated David, "the poor harper," as the king sneeringly styles

him. David, in this drama, is spiritless, and comparatively insignificant. The sentiments which he utters are good enough in the main, but they want point and force, they want life and energy. Unquestionably he was a greater man than Saul in all those things which go to make up true greatness. He was more noble, faithful, and conscientious. He was fully Saul's equal in warlike achievements, and much his superior in perspicacity and judgment. His spirit was eminently reverential, while Saul's was perverse and disobedient; and his disposition was generous and forbearing in the extreme, while the king, his inveterate foe, was filled with jealousy, envy, and revenge. In truth, when we consider the eventful history of David from his boyhood, and the important space which he occupies in his country's annals, we are persuaded that there is no character set before us in the Old Testament, of whom more might be made than of this, by one competent to seize and embody the salient points of the royal psalmist's career. We sincerely wish Mr. C. better success, should he ever venture upon this theme again.

It hardly falls within our design to enter into mere verbal criticism, else we should certainly object to such expressions as "nonpareil," applied by David to the sword of Goliath; "curl-befangled," "intellectual eunuchs," "puppy-breed of men," &c. Blemishes of this kind are, however, comparatively few.

We feel a relief in being able to turn from the censure which we have been compelled reluctantly to bestow, to more pleasing things; and it is a comfort to point the attention of our readers to several passages, not only just in sentiment, but expressed with becoming dignity and force. Hear the loyal captain of the host discoursing of the impiety of his day:—

—“Our blest religion
Hath come, in this dull age, to be despised;
And that which in the glorious hall of heaven,
Doth most ennoble flaming seraphim,
Is talked of, as the attribute of women,
Of babes and nurses—not of martial men.
As if the swords that won this Canaan for us,
Were not, each morning, consecrate with prayer;
As if our warlike fathers learned not courage
By fearing only God; as if—the Faith
Were not, above mere Reason's faculty,
Man's best peculiar; and most eminent
Of all that lifts him o'er the vulgar brute!

I tell thee, my old-fashioned reverence
Can hardly brook the puppy-breed of men,
Whelped, by these times, into the breathing
world,

Who scarcely bow their curl-befangled heads,
When fashion brings them to the sanctuary;
For with the like may father Jacob rest—
Deaf, in his sepulchre, while I pronounce it;
With such—it is contemptible, forsooth,
To own they have a soul; or, at the most,
To show a spirit, not above the love,
And holy fear, of God! ”

Again; Jonathan, who is a lovely character, and very well drawn by Mr. Cox, thus commends and supports Abner's sentiments; it is a passage which we regard as on the whole the finest in the volume:

“ As I grow in years, it deeper sinks
Into my heart, that I should be
In such an uncongenial climate born,
Of spiritual cold! For, everything
I most admire, doth cross the grain of others;
And what, from principle, I dare to do,
Restoring ancient modes of piety,
Makes others stare, and call it my conceit;
When, before God, it is deep working thought,
And high resolve to bless another age,
While this one crushes me. For, noble Abner,
Hast thou not mark'd, what in itself is good,
Though laughed at, when the good espouse it
first,

Is to the after age bequeathed down,
All ven'able and ancient, with their names!
Now, let the poor, short-seeing mob of men,
Laugh on, and have the echo for their cheer;
But we will live our lives for future days;
Content to know, that though despised of fools,
We, in communion with the noble dead,
And with applause from viewless ministers,
Aye, with the strengthening smile of God him-
self,

Do hold, in his high service, our still way,
Having within us, all our journey through,
And, in his home at last, our high reward! ”

Our limits allow but one more extract, in which Saul is represented as a prey to the anguish of a guilty conscience and keen remorse:

“ What, here in Carmel! I've forgot myself,
And strayed too far! what fiend hath led me thus,
To seat me in the shadow of my sins,
And bawl accusing memories in mine ear?
Oh, our good deeds are frail of life as we;
But follies are immortal; and this conscience,
Haunts, like the voice of God, our every turn;
Or, in the soundings of a guilty soul,

Lies, like the water in a dismal well,
A mirror to the sleepless eye of heaven.
Where shall the earth afford a rest for Saul !
Or do I wander with the brand of Cain
Marked on my soul, that thus I find no peace !
Good grave, why waitest thou ? I meet my sin
Turn where I may ; and worst of all, Oh, Lord,
There hangs that cursed trophy over me,
Like thine impending judgment ! It brings back,
In this sad hour, old Samuel's curse at Gilgal,
And re-affirms that sentence. Oh, the lips
May not recall that said it. Can it be
There now is no appeal ? God's oracle,
Those dear old lips, that bade me first be king,
In all the artless greenness of my youth,
Are cold, cold clay—but this sad pomp survives,
Prolonging echoes of his awful words,
That ring in memory's ear. They weigh me
down !

Oh, that my pride e'er reared that Babel-pile !

* * * * *
Go down, old sun ; thou seest my decline,
As I see thine ; but oh, for me, to-morrow
Comes never more, or only comes in clouds ;
And like a star burnt out, I set for ever."

A word or two more and we have done.
Allusion has been made to Mr. Cox's age, and
consequent inexperience ; and it is but right
that he should have the benefit of the indul-
gence usually accorded to the early efforts of
aspirants for Parnassian wreaths and honors.
He has, undoubtedly, genius ; he possesses a
love for poetry, and a most honorable desire
to consecrate his muse to themes of high and
noble import. His versification is generally
smooth and agreeable, and not often incorrect
or faulty ; and occasionally his sentiments are
expressed in language that would not do dis-
credit to Spenser, Milton, or Dryden. We
cannot regard him as possessing a mind of the
first order, but rather of the second or third,

which, indeed, often attains to more than ordi-
nary excellence, but can never rise to the
commanding height of those who " high o'er
the wreck of time stand sublime." We are
disposed to think, too, that his genius is not
yet fully developed ; time may do wonders for
him, as it has for others ; and he may yet pro-
duce something which shall outlive his own
day.

But we are free to say that his published
works by no means deserve the laudatory
epithets which have been bestowed upon
them. He has, we conceive, been greatly
injured by the injudicious, though well-meant
kindness of friends. He has been made to
think himself, we fear, a second Milton or
Scott, or, at least, a Wordsworth, Bryant or
Longfellow ; and he is constantly betrayed
into a tone of self-sufficiency and egotism,
which is both amusing and vexatious. We
counsel him to be on his guard against the
dangers to which young writers are ever ex-
posed ; not to believe a tithe of what friends
and applauding newspapers may say ; and ere
he publishes another poem, to keep it full ten
years. We counsel him, as one equally with
himself interested in the progress of truth and
right, as one who desires to promote and ele-
vate our national literature, to shut his ears
to the siren song which seems so long to have
lulled him to forgetfulness of his true position
and powers, and faithfully to compare his real
self with what he has been said to be. We
hope better things of him than have yet been
seen ; we look for something worthy of the
name to which he aspires ; and we know that
if he be not spoiled by flattery or vain self-
conceit, our expectations will be realized. In
this hope we wait the developments of the
future.

RAMBLES THROUGH PARIS.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

ONE prominent idea filled my mind in entering Paris—"the Revolution." As the smoke of the mighty city rose on my vision, and its deafening hum rolled towards me as we came thundering along in our lumbering diligence from Brussels, an involuntary shudder crept through my frame, for I remembered the terrific tragedies of which it had been the scene. I seemed to hear the tocsin pealing on over the devoted city, sending faintness and despair to the terrified inhabitants, and the firing of the alarm guns calling out the populace to the place and work of massacre.

The French Revolution is just beginning to be understood. Deriving our notions very much from English historians, who hate republicanism in whatever form it appears, they have taken pains to throw all the horrors of the Reign of Terror on the excited populace, and we have adopted their sentiments. Added to this, the overthrow of religion, and the worse than heathen orgies instituted in place of its ceremonies, have destroyed our sympathy for the people, and made us ready to uphold anything and any system rather than the anarchy that worked out such terrible results in France. But we must remember that the French Revolution was the first dawn of human liberty amid the despotisms of Europe, and that convulsions like those which rocked France and sunk her in a sea of blood, were necessary to disrupt and upheave the iron-like feudal system that had been cemented, and strengthened, and rusted together for centuries. This system had gone on increasing in cruelty and oppression, till the people of France were crushed into the earth, despoiled, robbed, and insulted; while, to crown all, famine, with its horrors, appeared, sending the moan of distress and the cry of the starving over the land.

Oppression had reached the limit where despair begins, and THAT is the spot where the earthquake is gendered. In this state of things, and to relieve the bankruptcy of the kingdom which a corrupt court and profligate nobility had brought about, the *tiers état*, or representation of the people, was ordered to meet the clergy and the nobility in a sort of Congress or National Convention, to take into

consideration the dangers that every day became more imminent and alarming. The representatives of the people flocked to Paris, and there received insults and contumely, till at length, after months of inaction, in which famine and suffering increased, they determined to take redress into their own hands. But while legislating calmly and wisely for France, the court and aristocracy formed a conspiracy to murder them and dissipate the Assembly.

The people sympathized with their representatives and conspired in return. Thus commenced the violence which deluged France in blood and almost decimated her population. At the first, the people were all right and the court and nobility all wrong; and the violence that visited Paris is to be attributed not so much to the people, as to those who opposed and exasperated them. Just so the hostility to religion is chargeable on the Catholic clergy rather than on the populace. Religion never entered as an element into the strife, one way or the other, until the priests conspired with the oppressor. Catholicism has always sided with power, against the rights of the people, and it was not till after its priests showed themselves opposed to justice, and mercy, and truth, did the people rise against them. Knowing no other religion but the Catholic, which had lived by robbery and wrong, and now stood between them and their rights, looking with a cold eye on their starving children and perishing friends, what wonder is it they swept it from the face of the earth. Overwhelmed with the horrors of the revolution, we forgot to put the first and chief blame where it belongs. A haughty aristocracy, trampling out the lives of the poor, and endeavoring to still their complaints by the bayonet, shed the first blood of Paris. A corrupt priesthood, living in luxury and sin, or the plundered wealth of those who were now starving for bread, and asking in most piteous accents for help, caused the first opposition to religion, which finally ended in its public abrogation and the destruction of the Sabbath. It is time tyranny and the Catholic religion, refusing month after month, and year after

year, the humble and earnest prayer of a perishing people, were called to account for the horrors of the French Revolution, and not the excited, maddened populace. So also we might speak of the despotisms of Europe that attempted to crush the infant republic in its first struggle for life, and show how their conspiracies, and open war, and secret emissaries awoke all the fears and suspicions of those who, with a halter round their neck, stood at the head of government, till in self-defence they commenced those dreadful massacres which shocked the world.

We might also speak of the absolute necessity of this wild upheaving to break the power of feudalism in Europe. It was inevitable; if it had not come in France it would have come in England. We do not mean to excuse in any way the perpetrators of those acts of violence, but we wish the chief guilt to rest where it belongs—*on those who finally fell before the wrath of an indignant and maddened mob.*

But not to weary you with a political disquisition on the French Revolution, stand here with me in the beautiful garden of the Tuilleries, and let the past come back on the excited memory. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Camille Des Mouslins, Couthon, the bold Mirabeau, Vergniaud, the patriot Lafayette, the unfortunate Louis and his queen, and last of all, that fearful man, Napoleon Bonaparte, come in solemn procession through these green walks. Every step here reminds one of the Revolution and the actors in it. There in front stands the noble palace of the Tuilleries, around which the mob so often streamed with shouts and curses, and from whence Louis and his wife went to the scaffold; and just above the main entrance is the same clock whose bell tolled the hour of death to the hundreds that perished by the guillotine. Behind, at the farther end, just out of the garden of the Tuilleries, in the Champs Elysées, stands an old Egyptian obelisk, occupying the site of the guillotine on which Louis and Marie Antoinette suffered, and from which flowed the noblest blood of France. Two beautiful fountains are throwing up their foam beside it, where the mob were wont to sit and sing “*Ca ira*,” as head after head rolled on the scaffold. Around it walk the gay promenaders, never thinking what a place of terror they tread upon.

It was on the 20th of June that a mob of 30,000, composed of men, women, and chil-

dren, in squalid attire, and with hideous cries, entered by force, and marched in wild procession through the Assembly of France, where her representatives sat in council upon the dangers that environed them. Banners on which were written the “rights of man,” and “the Constitution or death,” and “long live the *sans-culottes*,” were borne aloft; while one carried on high on the point of his pike a bleeding heart, labelled “The Heart of Aristocracy.” With dances, and yells, and singing the wild “*Ca ira*,” this motley crowd streamed through the Legislative Hall, and for three hours made it the scene of their infernal orgies. They then crowded through this beautiful garden, and pressed in to the palace, and surrounded the king. Seated in a chair upon a table, surrounded by a few of his National Guard, he bore himself for once right kingly, and awed the infuriated mob by his calm presence. A drunken woman handed him the red cap of liberty, which he immediately, without changing his countenance, placed on his head. Another offered him a cup of water, and though he suspected it contained poison, he drank it off at a draught. An involuntary cheer burst from the throng at this act of confidence. But while this disgraceful scene was passing without and within the palace, a slight dark-looking young man emerged from a café, and seeing the mob filling the garden, said to his friend, “Let us see what is going on yonder.” Standing in one of the walks of this garden he beheld all that transpired within the palace with irrepressible disgust; and at length, when he saw the king put on the red cap, he could restrain his indignation no longer, and exclaimed, “What folly! How could he disgrace himself so? The wretches—he should have blown four or five hundred of them into the air at once, and the rest would have taken to their heels.” That was young Napoleon, and the friend beside him, Bourrienne. Three years after he stood in this same garden in very different relations. The mob, and the National Guard together, amounting in all to 40,000 men, had resolved to overthrow the Convention and government of France. An army of 5000 soldiers was all the government could muster to resist this appalling force. It matters not, a young artillery officer, a bronze-looking man, is at their head, showing in every feature and movement that he is no Louis XVI. No womanish weakness or fear agitates his heart. He looks on the approaching thousands as calmly as the

marble statues that fill the garden about him, and orders his trusty band to stand in dense array around his few cannon, that are charged to the muzzle with grape-shot. He is about to try the experiment he, three years before, had said the King should have tried. It is young Bonaparte. With his stern, quick voice he inspires his men with confidence, as he hurries from post to post. A short street, called the Rue St. Honoré, comes directly up in a right angle to the garden, from the church St. Roche, which stands at the farther end. Up this short street pressed a body of the insurgents, while the church was filled with armed men who kept up a deadly fire on the regular troops. Bonaparte saw them approach with the same indifference he had so often watched the charge of the Austrian columns on his artillery, and pointed his deadly battery full on the crowding ranks of his countrymen. "Fire!" broke from his lips, and that narrow street was strewed with the dead. Discharge after discharge of grape-shot swept with awful destruction through the multitude, till at length they broke and fled in wild confusion through the city. The walls of the church still bear the bullet-marks of that dreadful fire, and stand as a monument of the great insurrection of Paris. But while victory was with the young Bonaparte on this side of the garden, the insurgents had carried the bridge that spans the Seine on the other, and came pouring over the gravelled walks full on his deadly battery. He let them approach till within less than four rods of his guns, and then hurled that awful storm of grape-shot into their bosoms. Smitten back by this awful fire in their very faces, mangling and tearing through their dense columns, they halted—but not till they had received *three* of those murderous discharges did they break and flee. This broke up Parisian mobs and ended popular insurrections. The temporizing, timid spirit had for years left the city a prey to lawless violence and deluged it in blood. One resolute, determined man ended them at once. Boldness and resolution will always crush a mob, and the city authorities that dare not support the laws because they are afraid to take human life, adopt the surest course to secure the greatest flow of blood.

Here, too, previous to this, fell the brave Swiss Guards, fighting for their king. Had Louis possessed a tenth part of their valor, he could have retained his throne, and given the people a constitution and a constitutional free-

dom besides. He, in his womanly weakness, enraged the mob to acts of violence, by refusing to maintain the law by the strong arm of force. Appointed to uphold the laws, he would not do it, and hence shares the guilt of the consequences that followed.

There was a curious exhibition of human nature in this tragedy, as the Swiss were driven out of the palace and slaughtered. Some of them, to escape death, climbed up the statues that stand so thick in front of the palace. The mob, though drunk with blood, would not fire on them lest they should mutilate the statues, and so pricked them down with their bayonets and speared them on the ground. A most singular instance of mere taste disarming ferocity when humanity and pity were wholly forgotten! To spare a statue and murder a man—to feel for art, and at the same time have no feeling for human suffering, is certainly a most singular state of mind, and one we believe none but a Frenchman would ever possess!

But let us pass on to the "*Place de Revolution.*" Here, where now all is gaiety and mirth, stood the guillotine that groaned under the weight of bodies it was compelled to bear. In the middle of the Reign of Terror, Fouquier Tinville was the public accuser—a man destitute of all passions but that of murder. All the baser lusts of human nature seemed to have been concentrated into one feeling in this iron man—the love of blood. Massacres were at their height, and here, by this spot, the tumbrils were constantly passing, bearing their load of victims from the prisons to the scaffold. There, in that spot, in fair sight of yonder palace, where Robespierre was accustomed to sit and watch the executions, stood the bloody engine. As I stand here, memory is but too faithful to the history of that bloody time. Here comes the king, carried like a common criminal to his execution! Scarcely has his head rolled on the scaffold before the pale yet calm and dignified queen passes by, hurrying to the same fate! Here, too, came the base Malesherbes and all his family. The axe falls, and is scarcely raised again before Madame Elizabeth, sister to the king, places her fair neck under it, and is no more! Custine, for having said he loved his father, who had been executed; Alexander Beauharnois, for committing a mistake in the army; the brave old Marshal Luckner, for nothing at all; General Biron and others; the infamous Madame du Barri; the beautiful young Prin-

cess of Monaco ; the noble Madame Lavergne ; young women in almost countless numbers, many going at their own request to die with their parents ! The son of Buffon ; the daughter of Vernet ; Florian, the novelist ; Roucher, the poet, and literary men without end, pass by in such rapid succession, that the eye grows dim, and one after another lies down on the block, and their bodies are trundled away in brutal haste to the still more brutal burial ! The ascent to that fatal guillotine was like the ascent to a public edifice, constantly thronged with doomed victims. Even the infamous Fouquier Tinville at length grew frightened as the committee of public safety ordered him to increase his executions to a hundred and fifty a day ; as he said afterwards, "The Seine, as I returned home, seemed to run blood." And there, where the gay Parisians are strolling, sat the inhuman multitude, and sang "*Ca ira*," as head after head rolled at their feet. Gutters were made to let the blood run off that otherwise would have collected in large puddles around the place of execution. How one becomes accustomed to places with which the most tragic scenes are associated. The Parisians were gay and thoughtless as our own promenaders in Broadway, while I, a stranger, and standing for the first time in that bloody spot, could have but one object in my mind—*the bloody guillotine!* So with the Tuilleries. I could think of nothing as I threaded its sweetly shaded walks, but the awful scenes that had been enacted in it. As my thoughts dwelt thus upon this strange and bloody page in human history, I could not but feel how Heaven allows men to punish themselves. A year before these bloody executions to which I referred, a procession passed by here on their way to Notre Dame, carrying to an ancient church a lewd woman as the goddess of reason. An apostate bishop with several of the clergy, appeared at the bar of the Convention, and publicly abjured the Christian religion. Paché, Hebert, and Chaumette, the municipal leaders, declared they would "dethrone the King of Heaven as well as the monarchs of the earth." Drunkards and prostitutes crowded around, trampling on the religious vessels that had been consecrated in the churches, and the images of Christ. It was publicly declared in the Convention, that "God did not exist, and that the worship of Reason was to take his place ;" and Chaumette, taking his veiled female by the hand, said, "Mortals, cease to

tremble before the powerless thunders of God, whom your fears have created. Henceforth acknowledge no divinity but Reason." Mounted on a magnificent car, this beautiful but abandoned woman was drawn to Notre Dame, followed by courtesans, and there elevated on the high altar in the place of God, and the church was rededicated as the temple of Reason. Then followed a scene of licentiousness within the walls of that church the pen of the historian dares not describe. Well, God is no more to the French people, and on all the public burial-places is placed, by order of the government, "DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP!" Awful condition of human society, that the most careless observer must see, will end in an earthquake that shall startle the world. Yet I see the hand of a just God in it all. First fell before the wronged and starved people a haughty and oppressive nobility, by the very violence they themselves had set on foot. Next came the overthrow of the priests and the confiscation of their property, and their public massacre, all of which they had merited by their oppressions, and corruption, and profligacy, and robbery. Thus far, each received the reward of his deeds. But now the people, drunk with success and power, refuse to recognize the hand of a Deity in enabling them to obtain their rights—nay, publicly scoffed him. Well, they too then must perish in turn. God will sweep them all away in succession, till they begin to obey the laws of justice and truth, and bow to his overruling hand. The year that followed this dethronement of the Deity has no parallel in human history. France bled at every pore, and her population reeled in crowds into the grave. One wild cry of suffering rent the air, and devils rather than men stood at the head of government. A year thus rolled by, when Robespierre saw that he could not control a people that recognized no God, and trembling on his bloody throne, as he saw the unrestrained tide of human passions rushing past him, bearing on its maddened bosom the wreck of a mighty people, resolved to reinstate the Deity on his throne. And lo ! in this garden a magnificent amphitheatre is reared under the guiding genius of the painter, David, and filled with the expectant crowd. Clad in blue apparel, and bearing fruits and flowers in his hands, Robespierre appears at the head of the procession, and to the sound of stirring music, and ascends the platform built for his reception. Statues representing Atheism, Discord, and Selfish-

ness are set on fire by his own hand, and consumed. But when the smoke disappeared, there appeared in the place where Atheism, Discord, and Selfishness had stood, a statue of Wisdom. But, alas! it was blackened with smoke and covered with ashes, and fit emblem of the sort of wisdom that occasion had exhibited. They then adjourned to the Champ de Mars, and closed the day with patriotic songs and oaths offered to the Supreme Being. Men of their own accord had declared that they could not live without a God, and stamped themselves as fools in the eyes of the world. But this did not prevent the punishment. The oppressive aristocracy and the profligate court had fallen as they deserved. Next disappeared the corrupt and plundering clergy and the infamous Catholic religion. God had dealt justly with them, and now the Atheistic and insulting anarchists must take their punishment. And it is a little singular that this very occasion in which Robespierre so haughtily re-enthroned the Deity, should be the chief cause of his sudden overthrow; and what is still stranger, that he should be apprehended and executed in the same blue coat he wore on that day. Thus God often puts a mark on his acts, by which men can know their meaning and intent.

We have not room in this article to speak

of the last fearful act in this long and bloody tragedy which closed up the Reign of Terror and introduced a new era to France. But it seemed impossible, as I stood in this beautiful garden on a bright summer evening, and watched the gay throng passing by, that it had been the scene of such strange events. How slight an impression the earth takes from the deeds done upon it!

But the wave swept on, and the wild storm passed by, and the chaos again assumed shape and order. What experiments had been made in morals, and religion, and government! What truths elicited and errors exploded! The race of man had tried to their everlasting remembrance some experiments in society. But after it all had subsided, and the smoke and dust had cleared away, there stood the heavens as God had made them, and there his truth as he had revealed it, and there his government, more commanding and awe-inspiring than ever. Men are thrown into commotion and become wiser than their Maker, but their wisdom always turns out in the end to be folly; and after they have wrecked their own happiness and destroyed their own prospects, they confess it all, and obey for awhile the commands they thought they had for ever shaken off.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

'Tis easy to love Thee in sorrow and grief,
When the heart can know of no other relief;
'Tis easy, when those upon whom we rely
Are taken away, to look up to the sky
And find in Thee the solace and joy
Which they, alas! too often destroy.

Oh! strange that 'tis so much harder to learn
In the midst of blessings thy hand to discern,
And give Thee our love, when there's clustering round,
Those who in friendship our hearts have bound—
Oh! strange, when Thy hand hath given them all,
Our hearts are not moved at Thy loving call;
Strange, when Thou showest the most of Thy love,
That then our thoughts should be least above;
Oh! strange, when Thy gifts are the purest and best,
In the gifts, and not in the Giver, we rest.

Oh ! help me, my God, that my soul may arise
 On the wings of each blessing to Thee in the skies,
 May stoop when the rod of correction is near,
 And shed o'er my sin, not my sorrow, the tear.
 Oh ! grant, though of all comfort bereft,
 My soul in perfect peace may be kept ;
 Still grant, if pleasures thy hand should bestow,
 I may not forget from whence they flow,
 But may draw, whatever my fate shall be,
 My highest, my purest joy, from Thee.

LESSONS FROM THE DEW.

A SWEET teacher and impressive is Nature, if the heart aptly listen. All seasons, all places utter her truth. Day and night, tumult and silence, beauty and sternness, show, each in its way, verities which instruct the soul. Observe the dew, shed broadcast from the Almighty hand over faint earth, its cool drops, like crystal-shower, hanging from leaflet and spiry grass, all brilliant as if, since yesterday's dry heat, vegetation were born anew. Plants, languid at night-fall, regained at that moist touch their elastic vigor, and sway, as if keeping time, in the light air of dawn, to bird-song and the various hum of waking creation.

When came that dew, and how ? Copious, drenching, was its descent obtrusive, like the rain-storm amid thunderings and tempest ? No : the gossamer bended not under its force, the quick ear of the wariest insect startled not at its fall. Yet at morn, dripping and sparkling, forest and field were, as the sun rose, like gratitude weeping in joy :

Weeping : for those bright drops, from Nature's heart,
 Distilled at solemn eve—devotion's hour ;
 When the rapt universe was full of God.
 Then, tremulous with awe, beneath his eye
 The firmament in quivering starlight lay :
 Earth, reverent, gazed, her face suffused with tears.
 Sublime though voiceless tribute ! like the prayer
 In holiest worship breathed, infallible ;
 The muteness eloquent of lowly heart,
 God-viewing ! and in his dread presence thrilled ;
 Quickened of God, with hallowed, boundless love.

In all its issues, the Divine love is eminently gentle. Its heart-moulding energy is not by might nor power, not whirlwind like, nor as the scathing fire, but like the still small voice ; quiet as God's vast benediction of the dew.

Not with fierce shock bows He the iron heart ;
 Nor calls, in thunder tone, from death to life :
 Instant that mighty change, and yet so still,
 The earnest watcher cannot note its time.
 Over the chaos, the fermenting deep
 Of struggling shame, and pride, and conscious sin,
 The Spirit broods supreme : Spirit of Grace !
 Order and light succeed. Regenerate mind,
 The holy impulse feels of heavenly life.

But, if the dew, serene and still, fitly illustrates nature and grace in their welcome influences, so is it a vivid emblem of pernicious causes which affect the soul. The miasma from African swamps is exhaled invisible and quiet : unlike the simoom, it is foreshown neither by purple haze, nor cloud of sand. It spreads no warning pall, like the tornado which darkens heaven before it bursts. Softly, like innocent dew, steals up that fatal vapor from its poison bed—a mortal atmosphere, infused with treacherous, deadly effect in its unguarded prey. Who needs to be shown its horrible analogy with the insidious, blighting curse of many a sin, that unawares men risk—and risking, sink therein to hell ?

Fair Haven, Conn.

CYGNUS.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN THE CITY.

BY A CITY CLERGYMAN.

It does us good to know what sort of a world we live in. And it has been well and often said, that one half of the world know not how the other half live. Every man for himself, is one of the most popular maxims of the age; at least more men act upon it than upon that other and better precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And there is no part of the world where this supreme selfishness is more universal, where it is even a virtue in the eyes of more, than in a great city. You live, and move, and sicken and die, while your next-door neighbor perhaps knows nothing, certainly cares nothing about you, except to grumble that the hearse and carriages block up the street at your funeral.

I heard a story the other day of a Frenchman standing on the dock and seeing a man struggling in the water for his life. The man sank and was drowned, and the Frenchman, in great distress, bewailed his sad fate, and expressed his regret that he had never been introduced to the poor fellow, as he might have saved him if he had only had the honor of his acquaintance. Such Frenchmen as this are very numerous in these parts. And many of them never saw France. Because we have no *personal* relationship, no ties of blood or business to bind us to those about us, and not even the brotherhood of common acquaintance, we let the world look out for itself, while we flatter ourselves that it is of no importance to us what becomes of the rest if we are but well used. This is the *humanity* of the city. Well might the poet of Israel ask, "Lord, what is man that *thou* art mindful of him?" He is not mindful of his fellow! He cares not for the misery that weeps at his door, for the poverty that hides in the cellar hard by the princely mansion in which he dwells, nor the vice that riots around the corner, and makes a hell in his very neighborhood. Provided always, that this misery, and poverty, and vice will keep still, and make no disturbance; but, look out there, if wretchedness groans too loudly, or beggary becomes too clamorous, or vice too noisy, then our modern philanthropist bestirs himself, and is wonderfully considerate of the state of things, and

of the times, and talks of the need of reform, of systematic benevolence, and a vigilant police, and all that, till he is delivered of the nuisance which he just now endured. It is one of the boasts of our day, that we have an original plan for doing everything in the right way; and as all these matters are attended to by associations, there is nothing left for individuals. Of course, they are not under the necessity of troubling themselves about the wants or woes of other people. The "Society" will look after that. This is a good, and then there are evils growing out of it. Individual responsibility is merged in the mass, and lost sight of, but the work is better done, beyond a doubt, than if it were left to the impulses of those who feel. I have no heart to join in the cry now frequently raised by our modern reformers against the *institutions* of society, as if these made paupers and criminals, and then left them to look after themselves. Society is organized well enough. The plan is good, and needs no infusion of Fourierism to make it better. The *plan* is good, and the body politic will be improved as the Bible is more and more read and believed. But there is a shocking want of *humanity*, of feeling for one's own kind, in this community. There's no doubt of it.

Look at the throngs of the young, "young men and maidens," flocking in the broadest and slipperiest road that leads to the bottomless pit. You cannot step into Broadway after night-fall without seeing them. They are tripping it down to the rayless dungeon of eternal wo, as lightly and madly as if it were not the dance of death! Thousands of them, ten thousands of them, are within the sound of the fire-bell, and every time it tolls, it sounds the knell of some of their immortal, priceless souls. But who cares! Who of the uncounted Christians of this proud city has the burden of these wretched candidates for judgment on his conscience? How many of them might say, when the brief career of sin is ended, and grim death dashes their cup of folly to the ground, "*No man cared for my soul.*"

We look at them in the mass. It is not so

easy to *feel* for a crowd as for a single subject of pity. If we should stop one of these children of guilt and shame, and hear her story, we should feel for her. She has or had a mother; she has a sister; the hearth-stone was bright once with the light of her eye. I have somewhere in my papers a story that when it was a terrible reality before me, made the tears come often, and if you will read it, you shall know more of "life in the city" than now.

If you should go down, after dark, into that basement, close by the ——— theatre, and knock softly at the door, it would be opened quietly, and you should walk by the light of a single lamp through a long and narrow passage, a slide door would admit you to a room where twenty men are sitting sullenly silent, as if dead. One starts from the table mad with disappointment, and stung with shame, and rushes out of the room. The game goes on. These are gamblers. This whole row is filled with such *saloons* as this, and nightly they are haunted by men who play for passion or for gain. "Hells," they are called. A fitter name the language has not. I have a story of *one* who perished here; would you like to read it?

What a city is this! Somebody has written of LONDON as a great maelstrom in which the young are caught and whirled; pleased with the giddy rush around the outer circle of this mighty whirlpool, they smile at danger, till at last they are intoxicated with the motion, sucked into the awful vortex, dashed upon the fatal rocks, and thrown out upon the surface, bruised and mangled corpses. I would rather speak of NEW YORK, under a figure drawn from the borders of our own State. The youth who enters it glides smoothly along as on a gently descending stream, whose banks are clothed with verdure and gemmed with flowers; onward and downward floats his bark; he is in the rapids now, but he loves his danger, hears with mad joy the roar of the mighty cataract below; laughs at the mists that rise like pillars of cloud to warn him that destruction is near; he plies the oar with fiercer strength, as if the lightning speed of the dashing current were too slow for him; on, on, down, down; the brink is gained; one wild *hurrah* rises above the torrent's voice, and the young voyager makes the final, fatal, returnless plunge.

Keep away from the water, ye youth, who would not perish in the waves. It is no

place for you who have a safe and happy home on shore.

But instead of moralizing any farther, listen to a story of life in the city. If parts of it read like *fiction*, remember that truth is stranger than fiction, and more full of wisdom.

ALICE LINDON.

The village in which she was born and where she lived till "sweet sixteen," is on the Connecticut river, but how near its union with the Sound I may not say. Nor does the little cluster of white cottages, one of which was the home of her childhood, scarcely aspire to the name of *village*. There is the meeting-house, with a spire pointing to the skies, of which the house of God is the gate; but the most of the worshippers came from the country-side, miles around; there is a small "inn," where the traveller may stop for rest and refreshment, and there are a few shops to supply the wants of the neighbors; and then a few neat houses, showing comfort without wealth, peace which is plenty; and here was the birth-place of Alice Lindon.

Her own home stood in a sweet cove that set back from the river, a bosom of water and shore that seemed the very chosen spot for domestic love to hide itself and dwell. A green lawn, with a rude enclosure, stretched in front of the cottage to the shore; great trees stood around the house, affording fruit and shade, and the soft banks of the stream invited the child of Nature to wander on them and enjoy the beauty which the full hand of Nature had spread over the rich and romantic scene. In very childhood, Alice had discovered a fondness for the charms with which she was surrounded. Long before her mind was expanded by reading or by intercourse with the world, she had learned to love God's world; the landscape radiant with his smiles; the water sparkling in his light by day, and reflecting his stars by night; the hill and dale that were covered with his bounty and spoke ever of his love; these were the scenes with which Alice was familiar and happy in the sunny hours of her childhood.

The death of her father, when she was but ten years old, left her solely to the care of her widowed mother, and having no brothers or sisters with whom to share her sorrows or the joys of her young heart, she was always with her mother, except when abroad in the fields, or on the banks of the gentle river that ever

lay at her feet. Mrs. Lindon had enjoyed the advantages of education and society, when she was young, and though her removal to this rural retreat and her straitened circumstances had deprived her of pleasures for which she had tastes and capacities, she had never despaired of training her only child for higher enjoyments and wider usefulness than could be hers in the secluded hamlet where she was born. It had therefore been the aim of Mrs. Lindon, for many years of industry and economy, to lay aside the means to enable her to give her Alice an education, such as should fit her to do good in another sphere.

It was plain to a watchful mother, that there was much in Alice that would attract the attention and secure the admiration of the world, should she enter upon its scenes, and as the grace of God had never renewed the heart of the sweet girl, it is not strange that Mrs. Lindon should tremble at the thought of sending her away from home at her tender age. For Alice was now sixteen, and had had no other means of instruction than her mother and the village-school could give her, and it was important, without any further delay, that she should go abroad to enjoy those advantages which the higher seminaries alone could afford.

That was an anxious hour, both to mother and daughter, when Alice Lindon took leave of the parental roof for the city of ——, where she was to board with a relative of her mother, and attend an excellent school, in which she would have every opportunity of obtaining a finished education, under teachers of wide and well-earned popularity. The first appearance of Alice in the school-room was an era in it. The loveliness of her form and features, the meek simplicity of her manners, fashioned by no rule but the good sense of her mother and her own native gentleness, and with these traits the freedom which life in the country had inspired, rendered her at once an object of attention, and it was not many days before she was known as the flower of the school.

The strong anxieties of the mother were in a great measure relieved when she heard that Alice was a favorite with her teachers, and an object of solicitude and kindness with all who became acquainted with her. Yet these were the very evidences that she was in danger. Alice's heart was open as the day; her spirit leaped at the voice of friendship, and she had never known, in the sanctuary of her child-

hood and the purity of her early home, that there was deceit in this fair world; and now that she was on the gayer walks of life, it seemed that she had found more to love and trust, and she learned to be happier than on the banks of the river and under the trees of her native village. And true it is that danger often lies where we least suspect its presence. Mrs. Lindon's friend, who had offered Alice a home with her while she should be at school, had done a similar favor to another friend who had wished to place a son at college, and in the fondness of her heart she had thought that Edward Murray would prove a pleasant companion and friend to Alice Lindon, during the time that they made her house their home.

It is not my inclination, nor does it comport with my notions of propriety to follow in detail the facts that marked the year which Alice Lindon spent in ——. Her new acquaintance, Edward Murray, was a spoiled child from New York, a model of virtue in the eyes of his doting parents, and a "bad boy," as everybody else knew full well. He had trifled away his early years in boarding-schools, till he was now eighteen, and had been at home enough in the city to learn the world, to love many of its vices, which in secret he indulged, while to his parents he seemed all that their hearts desired. His free and easy manners rendered his society agreeable, and practice had made him early perfect in those soft accomplishments that secure a young man a cordial welcome in the social circle.

It was a new world to Alice, when the winning voice of Edward Murray whispered in her ear that he loved her; she had heard his praises from her young companions, and thought he was a worthy young man, who took pleasure in reading to her and her aunt, who was happy when he could aid her in her lessons, or escort her to and from church of an evening. All this was very well, and she thought no more of it, than of other kindnesses which everybody seemed glad to show her. But her young heart fluttered anxiously when Edward breathed into her ear the gentle confession that she was dear to him, and that he would live to make her happy. She believed him, and why should she not? No one had ever deceived her, and why should she doubt?

But he did deceive her, to her ruin. Under the flattering pretext of an invitation to his father's house, she followed him to the city

of New York, and there he left her in wretchedness and shame; without a shelter or a friend.

This is crowding into a few lines what would naturally fill many of these pages, and make a tale of sin and misery to harrow the heart.

Alice woke to a sense of her utter abandonment. A stranger in a great city, and without the means of flying from it, what should she do? She thought of home! O that she were there in the innocence of her childhood, happy in the smiles of those she loved, thoughtless of care, and with a heart flowing over ever with the purest joy! She thought of her mother! How she would love to fall on her breast and confess her sins and be forgiven! Before this, and that mother must have heard that she had been deceived and lost, and could a mother live, with the terrible consciousness that her daughter, her idol, her all, had fallen into the snare of the destroyer? Wrung with anguish, and distracted with such thoughts as these that crowded upon her brain, Alice was ready to hasten to her mother and bury herself in the unfathomed depths of a mother's love. But how could she go, and ought she to expect forgiveness if she did?

In the midst of this conflict of soul, she is found by a minister of vice, one whose business it is to find victims for the daily sacrifice on the altars of sin in the gay and guilty city of New York. A shelter was offered, and that was more than Alice had. Again the wiles of the wicked were thrown around her, and the prey was easy. Down the dark road of guilt and shame she travelled swiftly; a sight to make the angels weep!

Oh! if there was sorrow in heaven when the pure spirits that shone with celestial brightness around the spotless throne were seduced to sin and hell; if the angels that stood steadfast in their integrity wept when those they loved broke away from their holy worship and wrapped their seraphic charms in the robes of the damned, may we not weep when such as Alice Lendon fall! God have mercy on her; though, alas, how true that such as she, like angels, fall to rise again no more! Her steps take hold on hell!

Three years pass away. In my rounds of duty as a city missionary, I was walking in one of the miserable streets of the city, when a woman came up to me, and asked if I would call and see a girl that was sick and

likely to die. I told her to lead the way, and I would follow her at once.

She turned into a narrow alley between two houses of doubtful reputation, and by the back way led me in and up two flights of stairs to a little attic chamber. It was not a comfortless room; the floor had a strip of carpet reaching from the door to the bed; a chair or two stood there, and the faded curtains and broken mirror were signs of what would be called the "shabby genteel." The woman who acted as my guide had told me on my way up stairs that "the sick girl had been suddenly taken with a fever, and they thought of having her sent to the poor-house, but she begged so hard to stay, and seemed like to die so soon, that they thought they would wait a little and see. Sometimes she seems to be raving, and goes on like mad about her mother, and all that, but, poor things, they all cry when they come to be sick, and want to go home and die."

Stretched on the bed, with a flushed cheek and a wildly-flashing, brilliant eye, lay a young woman who, it was plain to see, had been a beauty in her day.

She turned her face toward the wall as I entered, and shut her eyes, but the tears would find their way through the closed lids, and I saw the pillows had been wet with her weeping before I came.

"Here's the minister," said my guide, "you wanted to see him, and I just asked him to call as I saw him going along the street."

"O, the minister, is it; I am so glad he is come. O can't you do something for me; for my poor soul? I shall die and go to hell, and I ought to go to hell. What shall I do?"

She paused, and turned her full eyes upon me with an imploring look that went to my heart. An image of despair! A *LOST* one! I thought of the "archangel ruined," in Milton! and the hopelessness of the case before me seemed to defy the words of consolation which it is so sweet to offer to the dying. But I would try. I thought of the thief on the cross; of the Magdalene in the Gospel, from whom seven devils were cast by the power of the same Saviour whom I could preach to this possessed, and I began—

"You have heard of the way to find forgiveness through the Lord Jesus Christ," I asked, by way of introducing the subject.

"O yes. When I was a little girl at home, my mother used—" and she could go no further, but burst into a flood of impassioned tears.

"Then you have a mother; what is your name?"

She soon became more composed, and on my again asking of her early history, she gave me the facts which I have mentioned in the previous part of this sketch.

This was Alice Lindon; and here was the idol of a fond mother, the flower of the school, and now a worn and wretched thing, cast out of the world's sympathies, and dying in misery, to meet misery ineffable in a world of wo. Poor girl! My heart ached for her, and I asked again if her mother knew where she was.

"No, sir. I came to this city from ——, three years ago, and if my mother has tried to find me, as I know she has, it has done no good. I have often thought of writing to her, but I was so wicked that I could not bear to tell her where I was, it would be so much worse than to think me dead. *Dead, DEAD,* yes, I shall soon be dead, and then where will my poor soul be?"

With the simplicity and solemn earnestness that the time and the circumstances seemed to demand, I then preached repentance to this perishing sinner. She drank in the words, as the words of eternal life. The truth seemed familiar as if the memory of things past were coming back, and a ray of hope was rising in the gloom of her dark spirit. When I had spoken of sin and its just demerit; of the wrath of God and the curse of the law which condemns the sinner to everlasting death, I added, "But you know it is a faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save even the chief of sinners."

"What is that," she said, "please to repeat those words again; I have heard them before."

I told her they were the words of the Bible which she had often read and heard, and they were the words on which now depends the salvation of her precious soul. Vile as she

had been, the fulness of Christ's love would meet her case, if she would trust in it.

Having exhausted all my strength of persuasion, and having conversed with her until it was evident that her own strength would not allow me to prolong the interview, I prayed with her and left her. The servant woman who had brought me up, showed me the way out, and I besought her to make the last days of the poor thing as comfortable as she could.

"She wont last long," said she; "she'll get a raving in the night, and like as any way, drop right off in a minute."

True enough. I was haunted all night with thoughts of the blighted soul of that once lovely and lost child, and the very next day made a visit to the house. The woman met me in the alley and said, "it was all up with her. She died in the night, screaming for her mother."

They sent for a coroner, I believe, and the Alms-House Department sent her frail body to the Potter's Field.

A sad tale. But it has itself repeated in hundreds of cases every year. There is misery in this world that we know nothing of. There are hearts now breaking which never find sympathy in ours, for we know not of their sorrows; but in the midst of us are children of wretchedness who weep in secret, and die in secret, and on their wounds the oil of mercy never comes.

Sin is its source. The way of transgressors is hard. It may seem fair and right, but its end is death; its end is hell.

The path of virtue is peace. It leads to love, and heaven. It is a bright way. Its flowers fade not. Its waters are sweet, and pure, and perennial. Angels are in it, the guardian spirits of the young who walk in it; and God our Saviour holds the pilgrim in his hand, and guides him up to glory.

WAKE, OH SOUL!

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

GIRD thine armor on anew,
Oh, my soul! thy strength renew—
Life hath earnest work to do.

Sport is past for lab'ring men—
Sport for them romps not again—
Life's more meaning now than then!

Press ye on to meet the trial!
Where ease-scoring Self-Denial
Points to Time's corroding dial!

Watch the moments—how they fly!
Watch the minutes fleeting by—
Watch the hours that quickly die.

Moments give a birth to thought—
Minutes shape some vasty plot—
Hours complete what they have wrought.

Turn them all to golden sands!
Keep them present in thy hands,
Till "redeemed" they break their bands.

Deep within thy being's wells,
Cast thy gaze and learn what swells
From the heart's empurpled cells.

Be they strong resolves of right?
Be they clarion calls to fight?
Be they beamings through the night?

Be they yearnings for the time?
Be they glory in the rime?
Be they love and truth sublime?

Wear thy life with sterner aim!
Sink not though dishonor, shame,
Seek to blight thy guiltless name.

He who e'er unflinching stands—
He who dares the serried bands,
Best fulfils the truth's commands.

Round the portals of the soul,
Error's deep, hoarse murmurs roll,
Prestige of the future's toll.

Yet be firm! Maintain the right—
Day will follow after night—
Victory cometh by the fight.

Fill thy destiny, nor yield
When thy duty is revealed
On the Age's crowded field.

Faith be thy bright morning ray—
Hope thy comrade on the way ;
Truth thy sun at close of day.

Christian ! so these teachings learn,
That thy heart with fire may burn,
And thy soul to Heaven may turn.

A N T I O C H .

(SEE PLATE.)

ANTIOCH, of which our plate presents a beautiful view, on the approach from Suadeah, was a Syrian city, situated on both sides of the river Orontes, about twenty miles from where it discharges itself into the Mediterranean. There were formerly many cities that bore this name, but this was the metropolis of Syria, and the one referred to in the Acts, as the place where the disciples were first called Christians. It was built three hundred years before Christ by Seleucus Nicanor, and named in honor of his father Antiochus. For situation, magnitude, populousness, and various other advantages, it ranked as the third city of the Roman empire, being inferior only to Rome and Alexandria. The city was almost square; it had many gates; its circumference exceeded twelve miles, and its population was not less than half a million of souls. The fertility of its soil; the richness of its local scenery; the beauty of its fountains; the magnificence of its temples; the sumptuousness of its palaces; the extent of its commerce, and the taste, learning, and genius of its inhabitants were celebrated throughout the world.

Not less celebrated was this famous city for the grossness and corrupting influence of its idolatry. A temple in the vicinity consecrated to Apollo and Diana, was in process of time so entirely appropriated to the most loathsome excesses of lasciviousness that even the very heathen who valued their reputation, avoided it as infamous.

Yet even in Antioch did the Gospel prove the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation. Here one of the most prosperous and devoted Christian churches was formed by the Apostles, and for three centuries poured its light upon the surrounding territory of darkness; a church which in the fourth century, according to the testimony of Chrysostom, consisted of not less than a hundred thousand communicants, three thousand of whom were supported out of the donations of their brethren.

Antioch was the birth-place of St. Luke, and also of Theophilus, to whom his Gospel and the Acts were addressed. The church here enjoyed distinguished culture in its infancy, Ignatius, one of the most distinguished of the early martyrs, being at one time its pastor. But pride, ambition, worldliness, formality, entered and poisoned its prosperity, and it gradually sank under the frown of God and the withdrawn influences of the Holy Spirit.

Antioch, under its modern name of Antaka, is now little more than a ruin, occupying a remote corner of its former enclosure. Repeated earthquakes of the most destructive character have visited it, and what now remains is but an affecting monument of the vanity of earthly greatness and splendor; and of the wickedness and folly of abandoning the service of God.

OUR FAMILY.—No. II.

"Life is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being;
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in
each;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are alway moving onward, alway losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length,
Like undulations on the strand of death."

I OFTEN strive earnestly, in recollecting the past, to recover the earliest rememberable experiences of childhood. It would be pleasant, if it were possible to recal our first infantile emotions of joy and wonder; to remember the dreams we had when we had fed ourselves asleep upon our mother's bosom, and smiles like gleams of sun-light chased each other over our face, when the soft lullaby that hushed our outward senses passed into angel whispers and Æolian breathings in the depths of our spiritual nature. I should love to remember the first time I ever saw a star hanging lamp-like in the sky; or beheld the sun in its glory, and the moon in its mild splendor; or recal

The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever plucked,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and
birds, and flowers.

But vain is the effort to live our infancy over again. A golden haze overhangs and veils it, and memory is baffled when it attempts the recovery of what we then felt, heard and saw. The past, beyond certain limits, is as dimly discerned almost as the untried future, and we seek to gather up its experiences as vainly as the child chases the rainbow and hopes to grasp it.

Foremost among the forms of the early loved that stand forth distinctly defined and freshly remembered, is that of a venerable grand-sire, who, after a long public life of honored usefulness, had come to my parent's house to finish the remainder of his pilgrimage. It was their privilege and mine to see his sun go down in peace; to witness the fruits of his piety in the fullness, and golden and mellow luxuriance of its autumn, and to receive the lessons of wisdom from the lips of "old aged experience." He had spent a long

life in the service of God, commencing while the dew of his youth was upon him; he had seen much of the world, and been a thoughtful and discriminating observer of men; his personal religious experience had been varied and rich, and long before the winter of life approached, his Christian character had acquired a symmetry, completeness and maturity rarely witnessed. In our estimation he was perfect, and we were accustomed to regard him as one in whom a corrupt or corrupting thought or feeling could not possibly exist; as one sent expressly to show us in living lines the beauty of holiness mature and fully ripened.

Genuine piety is a beautiful thing in all its seasons and phases; in the freshness and ardor of its first love; in the steady clearness of its mature life; but especially in the benignant gravity and serene seriousness of advanced age. In the case of many of the aged pious, it is true, that the infirmities and prejudices that are apt to accumulate and strengthen with increasing years, often obscure the good qualities of their heart. Aged Christians, like other aged persons, are sometimes tediously garrulous, repulsively opinionated, disposed to disparage the present as far worse than the former time, and to treat lightly the pretensions of their juniors; they live so exclusively in the past as to have but little sympathy or communion with the present; and a savor of sourness instead of the wholesome and grateful salt of grace, is apt to season their conversation. But we should remember that old age is mainly, in most cases, a period of suffering, less or greater; the elastic tread of youth has yielded to the painful drag of decrepitude; instead of the rapid succession of new, and relished, and pleasurable feelings, they draw monotonously from the same old wells of memory, the same old palsied and withered joys. There is also a natural decay of the quickness of the sensibilities, save when wounded by neglect or stung by ingratitudo; and of course the flavor and freshness of things temporal is to them lacking; the pains of body that herald and foretell its dissolution, wander through the frame, or shoot arrows of fire at the dry old tabernacle in which the soul sits spinning the last thread of

its destiny. And then too, the mind, instead of reinforcing itself as it needs for the accumulation of outward ills, and the shock of death, is daily dwindling into infantile weakness. When these things are considered, it seems not at all wonderful that piety in old age sometimes appears shorn of its strength and lustrous beauty. And after all, the instances are not rare in which we see the light of the Christian life growing brighter and brighter even to the end, or if some few clouds hang around its close, like those which attend a summer sun-set, they are soon transformed into shapes of glory, and tinted with inimitable colorings of grace and beauty. The aged saint, whom God lent to us to be a light and joy in our tabernacle, and whose candle was now burning in its socket feebly, was probably an uncommonly faultless example of ripe and mellow piety.

Death at length entered our happy family, and laid his hand on that venerable head. It was now the first time within my memory that he had invaded our dwelling for a victim; and when I was told that the dear old man, with his warm, loving heart, must die and leave us, to return no more, I was overwhelmed and crushed. Death seemed so new and near, so cruel and relentless, that if it had been some dreadful violence by some fearful enemy that I was anticipating, I could not have been more shocked. Death was indeed in my view an enemy blind, gigantic and remorseless. But oh! the scenes of that season of sickness and suffering which preceded the good man's dissolution, imparted a new aspect to the monster, and transformed it into a minister of life and mercy, and I was forced to feel that "the chamber where the good man meets his fate, is privileged beyond our common walks." It was while contemplating those scenes that I first began to comprehend the exceeding excellence and priceless worth of a hope in Christ. There I saw the power of faith, the joy unspeakable and full of glory of the sanctified in heart; and there I witnessed the world overcome by mortal weakness made strong in Christ.

It was on a Sabbath evening, just before sunset, that we were called to the patriarch's chamber at his request to attend family prayer. It had been a day of extreme suffering to the venerable man, but he was now relieved, and lay calm and gentle as an infant. The July evening breeze played with his silver locks, and the mellow beams of the setting sun light-

ed his pallid face. Nature was sweetly in harmony with the peacefulness of his frame and the quiet beauty of his visions of immortality and heaven. When we were seated about him, he gazed at us successively with an eye beaming with love, and then conscious probably that the hour of parting had come, exerted himself to say a few words to us. He thanked God that he was permitted to finish his career in the midst of those so dear to him. He told us his work was done; that he was now to depart and be with Christ, and to join his beloved wife, who two years before had preceded him to the better land, after a tender earthly union of nearly fifty years; he repeated distinctly and impressively that all his hopes of pardon and salvation rested upon the atonement of Christ; and then with an affectionateness and solemnity of manner which nothing has ever yet erased from my memory, charged us to be faithful to our own souls, and to join him in heaven. "I shall look for you all," said he, "in the resurrection morning, at the right hand of Christ, and let no one here disappoint me." He then requested the reading of the 23d Psalm, and that we should sing the hymn,

"When I can read my title clear."

We engaged accordingly in these exercises, as we were able, feeling that it was the last time the dying saint's bodily presence would be with us. The scalding tear was on every cheek but his, and yet a strange and thoughtful joy was there also. It was the hour of trial, but it was also the hour of triumph. With clasped hands and uplifted eye he seemed to hear and understand all, but as the hymn was sung his consciousness of our presence faded. The eye seemed fixed on some far-off glory. His spirit rose with the melody but returned not. His thoughts ascended to the heavenly country; and while we sang of its seas of heavenly rest, his soul was bathing there—

And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across his peaceful breast.

So peaceful, so painless, was the transit from life to death, that we knew not the moment of its occurrence, but supposed he had fallen into a slumber. We drew nigh in silence, as if fearful of interrupting a restoring sleep or a pleasant vision—but it was the sleep which here knows no waking! The heart

was still. The pulse fluttered no more. The lamp of life was extinguished for ever. * * Sleep kindly and well, thou sainted servant of the Most High! Thy work is done. The race is run, the warfare is accomplished. Sleep kindly and well!

Ah, how often amid the strifes and cares of after life have I wished that the impressions of that hour, with all its wholesome sadness, might be renewed upon my heart! Then it seemed as if the very atmosphere of that chamber was impregnated with influences from a better world. Angels on softest wings came and went on errands of love continually, and one could scarcely refrain from thinking, "how dreadful is this place; it is the house of God and the gate of heaven." And oh! how little and insignificant then appeared the things of time that commonly are so engrossing.

In our family the influence of this bereavement was felt for a long time. It was such a happy death, following such an exemplary life, that we could speak of its incidents with pleasure and profit. Every one had some excellent saying of the dear old man to repeat, or some anecdote illustrative of his benevolence, his patience, his goodness, to relate. His mild voice, his benevolent smile, his concern for the poor, his sympathy with the sick and sorrowing, were often recalled. "As dear grandpa used to say," or do, were phrases of daily use to introduce some instructive expression or some kind, good action of the loved and venerated departed; and many a time has the voice of anger been suppressed, by a reference to his talismanic name.

Thus we see how the pious dead continue to bless us long after they are in their graves; and in this connection I have often thought of the irreparable injury, as well as pain, a bad man inflicts upon his family, when he leaves them as a legacy, the memory of his wicked life—a life which they are ashamed or afraid to remember, because it is a life that would tend only to corrupt their principles or fill them with sadness. If a man could destroy his own soul without injuring wife, children and friends, it were still a fearful crime. But what an aggravation of that crime is it to leave a memory behind him efficient only for mischief, and productive only of pain to those who loved him best! Many a father now lying in his grave is teaching wickedness through the memory of his example; perhaps instructing his own children to swear and

blaspheme; to ridicule and despise religion; to neglect prayer, and the Bible, and the Sabbath; and leaving to a pious wife the bitter thought that he has sinned away his day of grace, and has gone to reap the doom of final impenitence. Cruel man, that could thus trifle with the holiest feeling, and the highest interests of the whole circle of domestic love!!

Speaking of our venerable grandfather's death naturally brings to mind the next that followed in the history of our domestic changes, viz: That was a faithful old servant, a colored man, known far and wide, as "Old Uncle Tommy." A whole generation had passed away since he had begun to be styled old. He was some years older than his late master, and had always lived in the family. For the last seven or eight years he had been totally blind, and nearly deaf, and was as helpless as an infant. Still, he was far from being burdensome or considered so. He was remarkably intelligent for one of his color and condition. Having early manifested a desire for knowledge, and enjoying considerable advantages for acquiring general information, his mind was very respectably stored and developed, and rendered capable of agreeable companionship with books and enlightened society. Withal and above all, he was eminently pious, and possessed our unbounded confidence and affection. He was simple as a child, but not foolish; happy as a lark, but with none of that buffoonery common among his race. In his active days, he had been a very useful man. His good judgment, integrity, and warm interest in the welfare of our family, qualified him to take the whole direction of our temporal concerns whenever it was necessary to confide them to a proxy. He was active also as a Christian, and was especially noted for his skill and success as a peace-maker among neighbors of his own color and in the humble walks of life. Indeed, among the people "under the hill" (the poor end of our village), Uncle Tommy was clearly the patriarch and judge. The minister himself had less power, and less skill too, than this white-headed black man, in healing old sores and preventing new ones. He would have made a capital sheikh over a tribe of Bedouins. The example of old Tommy, as a consistent, watchful church-member, was above praise. It must have been a rare circumstance that detained Tommy from the place of prayer and the house of God. It did one good on the Sabbath, long after he had lost his sight and his hearing, so far as to

lose all benefit of preaching, groping his way to his pew, feeling after his Bible and hymn-book, and fixing his sightless eye-balls upon the sacred desk and the ambassador of mercy. "Of what use is it for you, Uncle Tommy, to attend church, since you can neither see nor hear," was sometimes asked him. "God," he would reply, "has recorded his name in his sanctuary. He has appointed it as the place in which to meet His people, and shall I not be there when the doors are opened? Has not the Master invited the blind, the deaf, as well as others, and shall I not obey? Ah," he would say, his countenance beaming with joyful experiences, "the Lord can reach the heart where there is no eye, no ear; and even this bad heart of mine finds it good to be there." As often as that hoary head and those sightless orbs were seen in the church, what a sermon was preached to the neglecters of Divine ordinances!

Uncle Tommy's ambition was to be simply a good man. He was perfectly satisfied with the sphere Providence had assigned him, and though he had been perfectly at liberty to control his own movements after he came of age, he chose to abide where he was born and reared, and among those whom he knew and loved. He was a wise man. He was certainly one of the happiest I ever knew. He was content to be a servant, and that relation en-

joyed the best of earthly wealth, a comfortable sufficiency for the body, the confidence, the esteem and the veneration of all who knew him. When he died, a community felt that a good man and "a father in Israel" had fallen, and many a tear honored the memory of "good Old Uncle Tommy."

It is pleasant to remember such instances of strong domestic attachment, instances, we think, much more common formerly than now, and nothing would be easier than to show that the change which has grown up, weakening the attachment between master and servant, has been to the damage of both, but more particularly to the latter, whose loss of respectability, comfort and influence from restlessness and change, is very great. But time will not permit me to enlarge upon that topic now. I must hasten forward to the purpose I had in view in commencing these papers, which was to illustrate in the history of a Christian family, the principles, the views of truth and duty, the system of domestic training and education, which I have been led to suppose are essential to domestic prosperity and happiness. I could not well help casting an eye back upon some of those early-remembered changes which exemplify the mournful thought of the poet at the head of this article. In my next I shall introduce the reader to Our Family.

THE CAROLINIAN LILY.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

SYSTEMATIC name—*Lilium Carolinianum*. *Lilium* comes from *λιον*, smooth, graceful, so named from the beauty of its leaves; or, perhaps it was taken from the Celtic *li*, which signifies whiteness. **Class**, *Hexandria*. **Order**, *Monogynia*. **Natural order** of Jussieu, *Lilaceæ*.

Generic Character.—Corol inferior, six-petaled, petals with a longitudinal groove from the middle of their length to the base: stamens shorter than the style, exsert; anthers slightly attached to their filament; capsule somewhat triangular, with the valves connected by a net-work of fine hairs.

Specific Character.—Leaves whorled and scattered, wedge-lanceolate, three-nerved;

flowers, from one to three at the top of the stalk, nodding: corol spotted, turned back over the receptacle. Flowers red, yellow, green, and brown; blossoms in August; grows about two feet high. This is thought by some to be a variety of the superb lily (*Lilium Superbum*).

Geography.—Natural to the Southern States, but also flourishes in the Southern parts of New York and Connecticut.

Properties.—Several individuals of the lily family have been used for food, and for the removal of disease. The roots of the *Lilium Candidum*, or white lily, are extremely mucilaginous, and, boiled in milk, form an excellent poultice for inflammatory tumors. They are

also said to afford a good substitute for bread in times of scarcity. The distilled water is used for removing blotches and freckles from the face. The roots of the *Lilium Pomponium* are roasted and eaten by the inhabitants of Kamtschatka, who cultivate them as we do the potato. The martagon lily is used by the Siberians as a part of their ordinary food.

Remarks.—Lilies are chiefly remarkable for the splendor and elegance of their flowers; some are of the purest white; hence the lily has ever been considered an emblem of whiteness and purity; others are most gorgeously colored, so that our Saviour said, "that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

GO TO THAT LOWLY VALE.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

DEEP in a lowly vale
Spirits are lying,
Deep in that shadowy vale
Bright ones are dying;
The purling and murmur'ring of streams that were there
No more are delighting the whispering air—
Nor soft notes replying
To blue-bells that tinkled the soothing of care.

Down in that lowly glade
Beauty is sleeping;
There, in its darkling shade,
Sorrow is weeping;
And sadness from gladness has hidden the gleam—
Despondence has risen and poured out its stream,
And Doubt is there keeping
A fitful enshrouding of Faith's earnest beam.

Go to that lowly vale
Troubled souls cheering,
Take ye the quick'ning tale,
Hope's fountain nearing;
Go, carry the promise to drooping ones there—
Go, welcome them forth from the shades of despair,
And bid them, ne'er fearing,
Again of the cup of Hope's nectar to share.

FRIENDSHIP.

WORDS BY F. C. WOODWORTH.

MUSIC BY P. A. ANDREU.

ANDANTINO.



1. The friends that soothe long hours of pain, My



soul shall bless them ev - er, And friend-ship bound in sor-row's chain, No



FRIENDSHIP.

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earth-ly power can se - ver; And friendship, bound in sor-row's chain,

No earthly power can se - - - - ver.

sostenuto.

slentando.

2.
How sweet the tear that from the eye
Of sympathy is stealing!
How precious is the tender sigh
From the deep founts of feeling!

3.
Aye, 'tis an angel's task to share
A brother's grief and sadness;
To woo his spirit upward, where
He finds sweet streams of gladness.

4.
O, they that soothe long hours of pain,
My soul shall bless them ever;
And friendship, bound in sorrow's chain,
No earthly power can sever.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF BURNS. By Professor Wilson.

The great master of Scottish song could not have fallen into hands more fitted to do him justice, than those of the great critic of Scotland. Wiley & Putnam have given us the book in their "Library of Choice Reading," and instead of making a notice of it, let us do better, and make an extract, showing the author and the critic:

"In those times family worship in such dwellings, all over Scotland, was not confined to one week-day. It is to be believed that William Burns might have been heard by his son Robert duly every night saying 'Let us worship God.' 'There was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase' every time he heard it; but on 'Saturday night' family worship was surrounded, in its solemnity, with a gathering of whatever is most cheerful and unalloyed in the lot of labor; and the poet's genius in a happy hour hearing those words in his heart, collected many nights into one, and made the whole observance, as it were, a religious establishment, it is hoped, for ever.

"The fifth and sixth stanzas, and the eighteenth," says Gilbert, "thrilled with peculiar ecstasy through my soul;" and well they might; for, in homeliest words, they tell at once of home's familiar doings and of the highest thoughts that ascend in supplication to the throne of God. What is the eighteenth stanza, and why did it too 'thrill with peculiar ecstasy my soul?' You may be sure that whatever thrilled Gilbert's soul will thrill yours if it be in holy keeping; for he was a good man, and walked all his days fearing God.

'Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clam'r'ous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide:
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.'

Think of the first stanza of all—for you have forgotten it—of the toil-worn Cotter collecting his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes, and weary o'er the moor bending his course homewards. In spite of his hope of *the morn*, you could hardly help looking on him *then* as if he were disconsolate—now you are prepared to believe, with the poet, that such brethren are among the best of their country's sons, that

'From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.'

and you desire to join in the Invocation that bursts from his pious and patriotic heart:

'O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blessed with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then howe'er *crowns* and *coronats* be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much loved *Isle*.

'O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession rise, her ornament and guard!'"

THE LETTERS OF THE REV. JOHN NEWTON, to which are added Memoirs of his Life; by the Rev. Richard Cecil. Complete in one volume. New York: Robert Carter. 1845.

The hymns of Newton are favorites with all the lovers of religious poetry, and the memory of the good man is precious in the church. The Memoir of Cecil in this volume is one of the most pleasing and instructive biographies in the language. Happy was Newton in having such a friend to record his virtues. The letters of John Newton are the free out-flowings of a warm and pure heart. They will be read with interest and profit; the volume forming a companion for the closet or the parlor, and we doubt not that many will delight to possess themselves of these reminiscences of a distinguished and remarkable man.

THE MEDICI SERIES OF ITALIAN PROSE. Under this title, Mr. C. Edwards Lester, the American Consul at Genoa, is giving the English world the fruits of his researches into untrodden fields of Italian literature, and we are assured by those more competent to judge than we, that his toil has been rewarded by discoveries that will prove of singular interest. The passages of history relating to Florence are said to be full of romantic attractions, and the other volumes not inferior to them in claims upon the attention of the literary public. It is gratifying to us, and honorable to our country, when our foreign officers thus devote their time and employ their opportunities in making additions to our stores of knowledge in the various departments to which they have access. Mr. Lester is widely known as the author of a work called "The Glory and Shame of England," which attracted not a little attention when first published.

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